

Good Morning 502

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Working Wife Greets E.R.A. Eric Martin

YOUR wife was not at Allander Street, Possill Park, Glasgow, when cameraman "Fuse" Wilson called for "Good Morning," E.R.A. Eric Martin, so he went and interviewed her at her work, in order to get a picture and message for you.

She says she is feeling fine, and certainly she looks it. She was busy on inspection when he called, and was covered with a halo of aluminium paint dust.

Your wife received the handbag you sent and she likes it very much.

Mary is going into hospital for a slight operation and sends her love.

Ma. has started a new craze of making carpets, so don't be surprised if she

starts cutting up your vests when you come home. The "Meadow Bank" still has plenty of pints, and they will have a drop of special when you call again with your wife.

About that necklace and bracelet you promised your wife—don't forget them as soon as you get the opportunity.

Agnes, Mary and Teresa and Ma are all keeping well. Billy has received a new bike from one of the boys in the club, and cycles as far as Edinburgh on it at weekends.

Your wife sends all her love and hopes you will soon return, when she will attend to the kissing in person and make up for lost time. Until then, cheerio.

STOLE JUDGE'S PIPES— IRISH TOM'S DEFENCE

IRISH Tom O'Connor was the unluckiest and most forgetful criminal who ever stepped off the Emerald Isle, or any other isle.

Magistrates and judges sometimes sent him to prison with more than a suspicion of regret. He never learned enough, in a career of crime, to keep out of gaol. He even forgot his real name.

But no, that's really psychologically wrong. I think the truth is that Irish Tom didn't ever forget; he just never remembered. He could have been quite a successful thief and burglar if only he had remembered to remember why the law always got him. For how can a man forget, if he hasn't remembered anything to forget?

Bejabbers, one felt like saying to him as he stood in the dock: "Tom, what you need is a course of memory training," but if you had given him the address of such a school he'd most likely have found himself in a police station on the way there!

Sometimes he was Tom O'Connor, sometimes Tom Ryan, sometimes neither one or other. He was as Irish as they make 'em. He always conducted his own defences in a rich Irish brogue, and if the police tried to pin a theft on him (which was often), Tom would show them where they were wrong in some detail, even if that detail made it worse for himself. He wasn't going to stand for the wrong way of it, not Tom.

The most disastrous day for him was the third Saturday in June, 1924; and the most disastrous spot was in London, in a pub in Long Acre. I'll come to that in a minute or two.

The first I heard of tall Irish Tom was when he was in Dublin. There had been a regular epidemic of thefts and burglaries; and gold and silver plate and other valuables had disappeared from houses.

Tom was walking across the O'Connell Bridge when he met a detective. The detective noticed that Tom was wearing a highly coloured, very stylish waistcoat, which looked out of place with his other garments. Advertising itself, so to speak.

The detective stopped Tom, and after a short talk, took him to the station "for inquiries." And there, when they searched him, it was found that his pockets were loaded with stolen goods. He even had

Continuing his series "What the Crook Forgot," STUART MARTIN

tells the story of Irish Tom O'Connor,
the unluckiest, and most forgetful
criminal who ever stepped off the
Emerald Isle

them strapped around his body. More than that, in one pocket was the address of a Liverpool dealer who bought such things; and that, by the way, led to the great discomfiture and punishment of the Liverpool "fence."

Even the waistcoat had been stolen. When Tom appeared for trial a butler gave evidence that a case of pipes found on Tom belonged to his employer.

Tom was asked if he had any questions to ask the butler. "Question the spalpeen!" exclaimed Tom. "Sure I do. He's a liar!"

Then, turning to the judge, he said winningly, "Will your honour look at them pipes, bedad?"

The judge was handed the case, and immediately gave a shout that astonished the court: "Why, these are MY pipes!"

"Sure, your honour," agreed Tom triumphantly. "I pinched them from your house. And what sort of witness is this, now? You can't rely on him at all, at all!"

After Tom had served his sentence for that escapade he came to London, and got into trouble again. He was out of Wormwood Scrubbs only four days when, that June Saturday morning in 1924, he poked his head into the saloon of the pub in Long Acre and saw two well-dressed men at the bar. Tom beckoned to one of them.

"You'll be Mr. Harris, now?" said Tom when the man approached. "Why do you ask?"

"Och, you'll remember me, Mr. Harris. You bought a ring off me two years ago. I've got some stuff I want you to see, Mr. Harris. I saw you go inside here. Now, where can we talk?"

He was directed to go down the Acre to another pub and he would be joined in a minute or so. Sure enough, "Mr. Harris" and his friend walked

into the bar on the dot; and there was Irish Tom and another man.

"Mr. Harris" stood drinks, and after four tankards had been raised and lowered, Tom was invited to show his stuff. The four stood so that nobody else saw a diamond and pearl pendant which Tom produced. A cursory examination was all that was needed. This was the goods, worth a small fortune.

Tom also produced a rose diamond and ruby cross about



"Call some other time! Can't you see I'm busy just now?"

six inches high, several gems, and a pearl necklace. They were genuine articles, no question about that. Tom's price was £30 for the pendant (£15 for himself and £15 for his pal), and £11 each for the other collection.

"Come outside," said "Mr. Harris," putting his hand into his pocket for his wallet. The four walked out.

And then, on the pavement, the bomb fell.

"I'm sorry, chaps," said the well-dressed man, "but I'm not Mr. Harris. We are police officers, and I think this is stolen stuff. You two had better come to Bow Street for inquiries."

The two men whom Irish Tom had picked on in the pub were Detective Henry and Detective Ambrose.

You can't beat that for sheer damnable bad luck, can you? Tom O'Connor had mistaken Detective Henry for a certain receiver of stolen gems.

The police, holding the two, set out to identify the articles. It didn't take long to place them as the proceeds of a theft from a big Kensington hotel a few nights previously.

So once again Irish Tom, with his companion, appeared at the Old Bailey in due course. Tom, like a gallant Irishman, declared his pal knew nothing about the robbery, but was simply helping him to sell the goods; and this was true.

As usual, Tom conducted his own defence, and did it skilfully. One of the witnesses was the Chief Constable of Belfast, who was brought over to prove other charges against Tom, and after this official had

given evidence Tom was asked if he had any questions to put. "Let's have a look at him," said Tom. "Ask him to turn round this way so I'll see him rightly."

The Chief Constable obliged and Tom gave him a long scrutiny.

"Your honour," he declared, shaking his head, "I never saw him before in all my life, so I haven't any questions to ask him."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Judge Laurie, K.C.

Tom looked at the witness from all angles; a careful examination, while the court waited.

"Sure," said Tom at last, still shaking his head emphatically, "I never seen him before—and if I have seen him before I have forgotten him now."

That was pretty smart of Tom. It saved him from a trap, even if it made the court smile.

But Tom wasn't finished. He wanted to go into the witness-box and tell his own story. Into the box he went gaily, took the oath, and gave his version of how he had got the stuff from "a man he didn't know."

He agreed entirely with the evidence of the detectives who had arrested him. He went farther and gave it as his opinion that they were "good sorts," and he described the meeting in detail.

"Who paid for the drinks?" asked the Judge.

"It was the detective," answered Tom honestly. "The detective paid for the drinks, and there we were, standing like friends—"

"And what was the beverage?" interrupted the Judge.

Irish Tom raised his eyes and looked into the past, as if to conjure up the scene where his dreams had crashed.

"Your honour," he said gravely, "it was bitter; and it was the bitterest bitter, your honour, I have ever tasted in all my life, bedad."

The court rocked.

But when equilibrium had been restored, there was Irish Tom standing in the dock, hopefully, happily, indeed, the broad smile still on his face, and his merry eyes dancing because he had upset the dull solemnity of wigs and gowns. Even the usher had to compose himself before he shouted "Silence in court!"

If Tom O'Connor (alias other names) thought he had won a point he soon realised he had lost it. For the law knows that if there were no receivers of stolen property there would be no burglars and thieves of jewellery; and if the law had not got "Mr. Harris," it had at least got one who made his living by theft so that the receiver might gain his living by receiving.

Irish Tom was sentenced to eight years as an habitual criminal.

As he turned to step down to the cells he uttered another truism.

"Well now," he said, "that comes of forgetting to remember, by God!"

"PASSING THE DOG"

Sto. Bill Pooley

WE had a surprise when calling at No. 31, Turner Road, Ipswich, to see your Mother about a photograph, Sto. Bill Pooley. Fact is, we asked your Mother if Mrs. Pooley was in, thinking it was perhaps a sister we were talking to. And we still think you two could pass for brother and sister. It seems your mother feels as young as she looks. Good for her.

By the way, the explanation of the photograph is that we couldn't decide who should hold Trixie, the pup—Grandmother or Mum. Well, he got taken halfway in a rather bunched-up condition.

Harry Davies came along and saw all this, and remarked that it was unfortunate to have to "pass the dog."

Quite forgot to ask what he meant—is there a local of that name, by any chance?

Harry and his wife asked



after you. Ken is well they heard from him recently.

Your brother Robert wrote early in September—all well

with him. Tom is still at school, Dad says he could do with your of course. Mother and Doris send love. They hope to see you before or at Christmas, but your home.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Death Stalks the Labyrinth

I CAN give no adequate description of the horrors of the night which followed. We were buried in the bowels of a huge snow-clad peak. We were separated by a long tunnel and five feet of rock even from the awful chamber of the Dead; and the dead make no noise. The crashing of all the artillery of earth and heaven could not have come to our ears in our living tomb. We were cut off from all echoes of the world—we were as already dead.

"Good," said Sir Henry's voice at last, and it sounded awful in the intense stillness, "how many matches have you in the box?"

"Eight, Curtis."

"Strike one and let us see the time."

He did so, and in contrast to the dense darkness the flame nearly blinded us. It was five o'clock by my watch.

"We had better eat something and keep up our strength," said I. "What is the good of eating?" answered Good; "the sooner we die and get it over the better."

"While there is life there is hope," said Sir Henry. Accordingly we ate and sipped some water, and another period of time passed. Then an idea occurred to me.

"How is it," said I, "that the air in this place keeps fresh? It is thick and heavy, but it is perfectly fresh."

"Great heavens!" said Good, starting up, "I never thought of that. It can't come through the stone door, for it is air-tight, if fast in all the centuries it had lain ever a door was. It must come from somewhere. Let us have a look."

It was wonderful what a change this mere spark of hope wrought in us. In a moment we were all three groping about the place on our hands and knees, feeling for the slightest indication of a draught.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 25

1. When George said "Maud," Fred said "King Arthur." What word linked these two ideas in Fred's mind?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Of, By, He, To, For, Me, Us, At.

3. 6 is to 42 what 7 is to 56, 28, 63, 84, 49, 24?

4. When the day after tomorrow is yesterday, to-day will be as far from Sunday as to-day was from Sunday when the day before yesterday was to-morrow. What day of the week is it?

(Answers in No. 503.)

Answers to Test No. 24.

1. Daisy.
2. Pencil does not have to be dipped into a pigment; others do.
3. Crown.
4. Charles is youngest; Jim sits in middle.

JANE



For an hour or more we went on feeling about, till at last Sir Henry and I gave it up in despair. But Good still persevered, saying, with an approach to cheerfulness, "ated by a long tunnel and five feet of rock even from the awful thing."

"I say, you fellows," he said presently, in a constrained sort of voice, "come here."

"Quatermain, put your hand here where mine is. Now, do you feel anything?"

"I think I feel air coming up."

"Now listen." He rose and stamped upon the place, and a flame of hope shot up in our hearts. It rang hollow.

With trembling hands I lit a match. I had only three left, and we saw that we were in the angle of the far corner of the chamber, a fact that accounted for our not having noticed the hollow ring of the place during our former exhaustive examination.

As the match burnt we scrutinised the spot. There was a join in the solid rock floor, and, great heavens! there, let in level with the rock, was a stone ring.

We said no word, we were too excited, and our hearts beat too wildly with hope to allow us to speak. Good had a knife, at the back of which was one of those hooks that are made to extract stones from horses' hoofs.

He opened it, and scratched away thick and heavy, but it is perfectly fresh. He got it under, and levered away gently for fear of breaking the starting up, "I never thought of hook. The ring began to move. That. It can't come through the Being of stone, it had not got set stone door, for it is air-tight, if fast in all the centuries it had lain ever a door was. It must come from somewhere. Let us have a look."

It was wonderful what a change this mere spark of hope wrought in us. In a moment we were all three groping about the place on our hands and knees, feeling for the slightest indication of a draught.

"Let me try," I said impatiently, for the situation of the stone, right in the angle of the corner, was such that it was impossible for two to pull at once. I got hold and strained away, but with no results.

Then Sir Henry tried and failed. Taking the hook again, Good scratched all around the crack where we felt the air coming up. "Now, Curtis," he said, "tackle on, and put your back into it; you are as strong as two. Stop," and he took off a stout black silk handkerchief, which, true to his habits of neatness, he still wore, and ran it through the ring. "Quatermain, get Curtis round the middle and pull for dear life when I give the word. Now."

Sir Henry put out all his enormous strength, and Good and I did the same, with such power as nature had given us. "Heave! heave! it's giving," gasped Sir Henry; and I heard the muscles of his great back cracking. Suddenly there came a parting sound, then a rush of air, and we were all on our backs on the floor with a great flag-stone on the top of us. Sir Henry's strength had done it, and never did muscular power stand a man in better stead.



"Light a match, Quatermain," matches. By its light we could just see that we were standing in a narrow tunnel, which ran right and left at right angles to the staircase. I did so, and there before us was, God be praised! the first step of a stone stair.

"Now what is to be done?" asked Good. "Let us go against the draught," he said; "air draws inwards, Follow the stair, of course, and not outwards."

When we had groped our way for about a quarter of an hour "Quatermain, get the bit of along the passage it suddenly biltong and the water that is took a sharp turn, or else was bisected by another, which we I went creeping back to our followed, only in course of time place by the chests for that purpose, and as I was coming away it went on for some hours. We an idea struck me. We had not thought much of the diamonds for the last twenty-four hours or so; indeed, the idea of diamonds was nauseous, seeing what they had entailed upon us; but, thought I, I may as well pocket a few in case we ever should get out of this ghastly hole. So I just stuck my fist into the first chest and filled all the available pockets of my old shooting-coat, topping up—this was a happy thought—with a couple of handfuls of big ones out of the third chest.

"I say, you fellows," I sang out, "won't you take some diamonds with you? I've filled my pockets." "Oh! hang the diamonds!" said Sir Henry. "I hope that I may never see another."

"Come on Quatermain," said Sir Henry, who was already standing on the first step of the stone stair. "Steady, I will go first."

"Mind where you put your feet, there may be some awful hole underneath," said I. "Much more likely to be another room," said Sir Henry as he slowly descended, counting the steps as he went.

When he got to "fifteen" he stopped. "Here's the bottom," he said. "Thank goodness! I think it's a passage. Come on down."

Good descended next, and I followed last, and on reaching the bottom lit one of the two remaining

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

escaped Death in the darkness of the chamber only to meet him in the darkness of the tunnels.

As we stood, once more utterly depressed, I thought I caught a sound, to which I called the attention of the others. It was very faint and very far off, but it was a sound, a faint, murmuring sound, for the others heard it too, and no words can describe the blessedness of it after all those hours of utter, awful stillness.

"By heaven! it's running water," said Good. "Come on."

As we went it got more and more audible, till at last it seemed quite loud in the quiet. On, yet on; now we could distinctly make out the unmistakable swirl of rushing water. Now we were quite near to it, and Good, who was leading, swore that he could smell it.

"Go gently, Good," said Sir Henry, "we must be close." Splash! and a cry from Good. He had fallen in.

(To be continued)

BELIEVE IT—OR NOT

A FEW words on how to take over a railway that you have never seen before and never wish to see again, are offered by the "Railway Gazette," apparently for troops in the Middle East.

To persuade a train to leave a station, it says, it is necessary to carry out these, among other, things:—

- Wake the guard;
 - Send to town for the driver;
 - Reseal and check six unsealed wagons;
 - Uncouple and recouple all U.S. wagons;
 - Lure two engines off the depot;
 - Make out all wagon reports in three languages;
 - Sign for five missing invoices;
 - Throw 50 Iranians out of the brake cabooses;
 - Change the washers on four brake hoses;
 - Wake the guard again.
- Included in "instructions found useful when there are three trains at one station" are:—
- Tell the station-master what you want done;
 - Do it yourself;
 - Put the fire out on the third train's engine and camouflage it as a dud engine;
 - This deceives all concerned, who then think that there are only two trains, and, of course, everybody knows how to deal with two engines.

MIXED DOUBLES

Jumbles of pairs of things, words or people often phrased together, such as DUCKS and DRAKES, BUBBLE and SQUEAK, etc.

1. (a) A LAD'S PLEDGE.
(b) KATE'S GROWN.
2. (a) POUNCE SHORTER.
(b) C.O. BEATS LIMIT.
3. (a) TAX HER GREEN CAB.
(b) SEE PAGE WALK IN.
4. (a) HIS NEW COVE.
(b) THIS PURE SHOW.

(Answers in No. 503.)

Answers to Mixed Doubles in No. 501.

1. (a) GENTLE & DOCILE.
(b) BUILD & DEMOLISH.
2. (a) ABRUPT & SUDDEN.
(b) FOR & AGAINST.
3. (a) MISTAKE & ERROR.
(b) CONTINUE & DESIST.
4. (a) CHANGE & ALTER.
(b) RARE & COMMON.

QUIZ for today

1. A colin is a punctuation mark, Chinese fish, American partridge, ornamental door-knocker, kind of bear?
2. For what girls' names are the following "short"?—Xina, Bee, Marry.
3. In what ball-game is the goal called the "cage"?
4. How long does Lent last?
5. What is the longest river in France?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Colliseum Hippodrome, Paladium, Paramount, Rembrant.

Answers to Quiz in No. 501

1. Carriage.
2. Bernard, Alexander, Hugh.
3. Rose, Violet, Alkanet, Bor-gage.
4. Spain.
5. Pigeon.
6. Cullender, Cylinder.

WANGLING WORDS—441

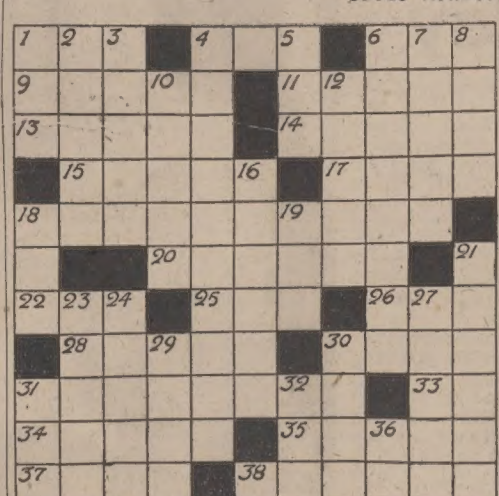
1. Insert five consonants in * A * * A * A I * O and get a South American port.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Pu smoce nich-yem grameria slife het ta hewn vole het ni odor.
3. The same number stands for the same letter throughout in these famous cinema names. What are they? 3274895, 6132L, 8D189, P23248795.
4. Find the two girls hidden in: I complained at the marge, rye bread and soup, yet nobody can say I am a belligerent sort of person.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 440

1. PHILADELPHIA.
2. Marry in haste, repent at leisure.
3. Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hogarth, Romney.
4. Mart-in, Nor-man.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



1. Poke.
4. Unsorted type.
6. Soft food.
9. Over.
11. Trumpet sound.
13. Governor.
14. Bag.
15. N. African land.
17. Boy's name.
18. Taken for granted.
20. Unperturbed.
22. Bark.
25. Bind.
26. Male animal.
28. Split.
30. Man.
31. Journalist.
33. Thanks.
34. Single groups.
35. Adder.
37. Fellow worker.
38. Baked food.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Grate.
2. Border on.
3. Big pill.
4. Surrounding lines.
5. Go out.
6. Talks much.
7. Reason.
8. Manx town.
10. Planet.
12. Garden flower.
16. Run.
18. Girl's name.
19. Links mound.
21. Blurred.
23. Sphere of action.
24. Little bird.
27. Change.
29. Ballot.
30. Flag.
31. Strange.
32. Girl's name.
36. Small part.

BOLE PANAMA
BANGOR FOX
PORT STATUE
REGALE MEN
O ONE CURDS
ON GENUS SO
FALLS BED L
TOE GEMINI
RUDDER ENIO
ERG WIDNES
PEELED TRIM

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



FIRST-CLASS CAMERAMAN

By Dick Gordon

WITHIN the past 15 years in Hollywood, only eight new camera aspirants have risen to the supreme pinnacle of their profession, that of first cameraman.

A first-class cameraman must have an eye for the artistic, a knowledge of composition and balance, a sense of story value for camera angles, a feeling for dramatic interest, and a visualization of the motion picture as a whole.

He must have the ability to do his own retouching with lights, even weeks before the actual production of the picture is undertaken.

Throughout the preparation and afterwards he must work closely with the director. On the shoulders of these two craftsmen rests the ultimate result of the picture.

That is the considered opinion of John Arnold, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer camera department. He speaks from 37 years' experience.

It was Edison who suggested that Arnold should go into pictures, when the inventor turned his hand to combining film with his talking machine. To this advice was due Arnold's eventual making of the first two-reel picture to reach the screen, "Before Yorktown."

To-day, M.-G.-M. has a staff of 90 or more. Of these, 27 are first cameramen, executive and technical in their scope. Under their supervision and direction are 35 second cameramen, who actually operate the cameras. Then there are first assistants to take care of all the equipment, with second assistants to help them.

MOODS AND ANGLES.

First cameramen begin their functions by going over scripts with producers and directors, choosing locations of photographic suitability, making tests of players, changing make-up according to costumes, and studying the varying moods of pictures.

Difference in mood may be as wide as that between a bright and cloudy day, one gay, the other grave. As further example, the ways of photographing the scenes of a light musical film and those of one like "Dragon Seed" would be as far apart as the poles.

Photography must never be permitted to dominate a scene or allowed to draw attention from the story and the actors. Not that there is ever likely to be any serious contention on this score. Reports of temperamental stars, presumably feminine, are largely discounted by the facts.

Actresses are, perhaps, a bit more conscious of their facial angles than is the case with male players. Even so, cameramen have learned this is not wholly a matter of personal vanity, but one of professional concern.

These experts give an interesting explanation of the actress who insists one side of her face is "better" than the other. If she chances to be left-handed, she is also generally "left-faced." Cinematographers agree that women stars, as a rule, are helpful rather than otherwise.

EXPERT ON ILLUMINATION.

Where men are concerned, the main purpose of the cameraman is to bring out strength. In dramatic scenes he is likely to have the lighting just strong enough to read by. Photographic treatment of women often differs.

A mediocre cameraman can easily make an actress look beautiful, but he cannot make her look both interesting and beautiful. That is where great skill is required and much ingenuity demanded.

A first cameraman has to be both an artist and an expert on illumination. He is in consultation on the story of a picture from the beginning, even during its writing; he can simplify the desired effects, so he must also be a ready inventor.



"I wonder if the other officers were as lucky as you were?"

Good Morning



BARNYARD "BRAINS-BUST"

Getting Along Swimmingly

That's how it would be with Eleanor Parker and us. We just know it — but we haven't asked her yet, or Warners.



"It all depends on what one means by an artistic conscience . . ."



"I always think the artistic conscience is something you have when you haven't got one."



"When I was in Patagonia, I knew an artist who used to paint his conscience—usually red."



"Quite wrong. The colour for a conscience is black—like a market."



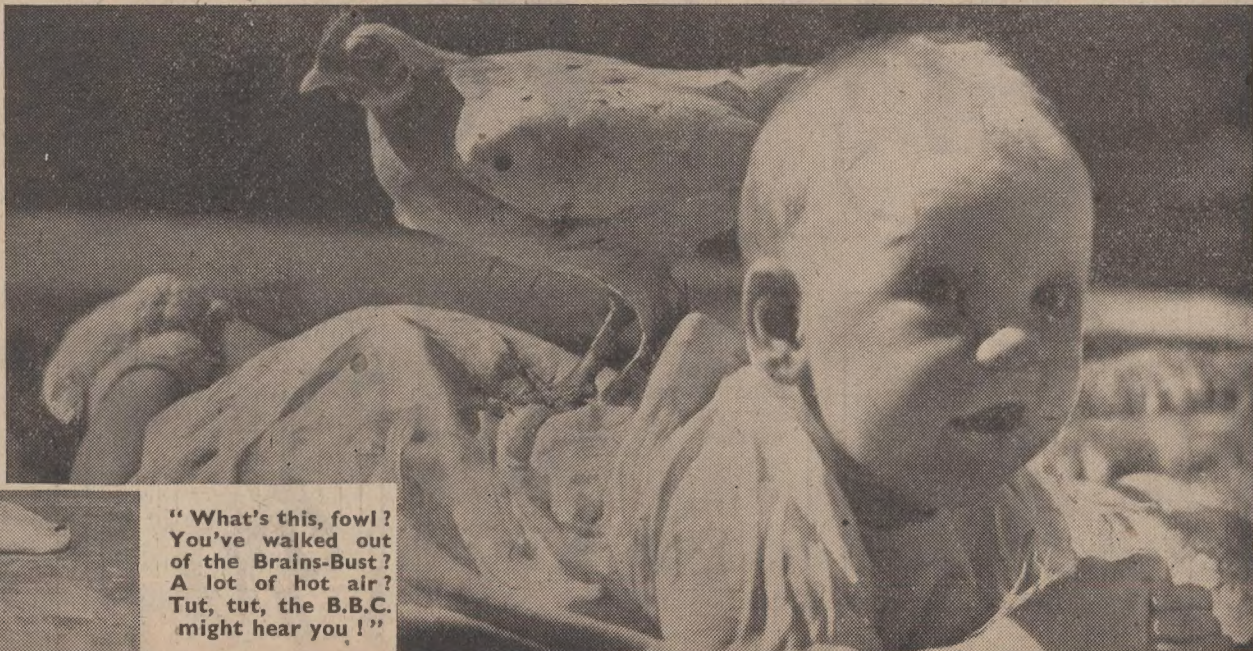
"Without a conscience the artist is adrift upon a sea of paint."



"Only the lowest form of life—man, to be precise—has a conscience to worry over."

This England

No, we've not slipped up. It shouldn't be "This Holland"; although these Dutch-style houses at Strand-on-the-Green remind us of a scene from the land of dykes.



"What's this, fowl? You've walked out of the Brains-Bust? A lot of hot air? Tut, tut, the B.B.C. might hear you!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Aw, go lay an egg the lot of you."

